

A Model Course in Touch Typewriting

Revised Edition

SUPPLEMENT TO PART I

By

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**THE PURPOSE OF THIS BOOK IS TO PROVIDE A SCIENTIFIC
TRANSITION FROM DRILL EXERCISES TO SPEED WORK.
IT ALSO PROVIDES SUITABLY GRADED EXERCISES FOR
ELEMENTARY SPEED TESTS**

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PREFACE

This book should be introduced when the student has reached page 39 of Part I of the James series of Typewriting Texts.

The following points should be kept carefully in mind by both teacher and student:

(1) This book gives interesting practice on both the small letters and the capitals at the right moment. The matter is interesting and easily followed by the student.

(2) It gives extensive practice on the combinations of the common small words, which form 75 per cent. of all matter and which must be made very familiar to insure an ultimate high rate of speed. This helps greatly in doing Part II quickly and inspires the student with confidence and energy.

(3) It teaches how to place matter on the paper with proper margins, above, below and on both sides, called centering the matter neatly on a sheet of paper, an art in itself. Give this careful attention, for it will also make Part II easy.

(4) The printed lines in this book do not make lines of the proper length on the sheet of paper used. This is intentional. It teaches the student to listen for the machine bell and to make the length of the typewritten lines as uniform as possible. It will not do to have very long and very short lines. The importance of this part of the present plan cannot be overestimated.

(5) It teaches the use of single and double spacing. Double spacing is used for Section A. Single spacing is used for Section B between the lines and double spacing between the paragraphs.

(6) It teaches the usual indentations for paragraphs, 5 or 10 spaces.

(7) Experience has shown that three copies of each exercise well done for Section A, and one of each exercise after that is sufficient.

(8) All punctuation marks should be struck much more lightly than the letters to prevent a spotted, shot-riddled appearance. To omit this precaution is to mar otherwise excellent work.

(9) The use of the tabular stops to find new paragraphs and the complimentary close should be carefully taught and practised, as without this aid speed will be greatly impaired.

(10) The best commercial schools in the United States read to their classes suitable matter every day for from fifteen to thirty minutes. The students typewrite in much the same manner as they would take down shorthand. The results in fast and accurate typewriting are simply wonderful. The Supplement could be used for this purpose when the students have finished the work of Section A.

(11) The matter of the Supplement is excellent as an introduction to speed work in shorthand.

(12) Is not this enough for any one Text Book to undertake and accomplish?

(13) The James Typewriting Texts are made in Canada, by a Canadian teacher of twenty-five years' highly successful experience, and are thoroughly adapted to Canadian needs.

(14) The James Typewriting Texts are now the favourites throughout Canada and have been endorsed by the Education Department of Ontario after a very thorough examination. Many of the best and largest Collegiates, Schools and Colleges are using them and without exception pronounce them to be far ahead of all others. They have never been abandoned when once introduced. Experts say that schools not as yet using them would quickly do so if they knew the great merits of these famous Texts.

(15) Free sample copies will be sent on application to any teacher who expresses a desire to give them a sincere investigation and trial, because we always win under such conditions.

(16) Direct all communications and orders to the Author.

SECTION A

INSTRUCTIONS

Use the tabular key for paragraphing and the complimentary close.

Set the marginal stops at 10 and 70 on the scale (to get margins to right and left).

Set the tabular stops at 15 for paragraphs and at 40 for the complimentary close (to assist in acquiring mechanical speed).

Touch the space bar once after a comma, semicolon or colon, and twice after other punctuation marks. Strike all punctuation characters very lightly.

Use double spacing throughout Section A.

Make three perfect copies of each exercise.

Dear Sir:

One hot day a fox saw some grapes which hung on a wall and he took a spring to seize them but made too short a bound. Then he leaped with all his might but could not quite reach them and each jump he took was still too short. There hung the fine ripe grapes but not for him. Then as he found he could not get at them he said that it was not worth while to try, for the grapes were sour anyway. They, who cannot as they will, must will as they can.

Yours truly,

Dear Sir:

A rooster came down from his roost at break of day and set up a loud shrill crow. He then went to work to scratch the ground in search of food for the hens. By and by to his surprise what should he turn up but a bright gem. He gave it a kick and looking at it closely said that it was a fine thing no doubt, but to his mind one good grain of wheat was worth all the gems in the world. Cast not pearls before swine. The common things of life are the most necessary.

Yours truly,

Dear Sir:

A wolf one day brought a fox up to the bench for theft. The ape, who was the judge, knew well that both were knaves, so he said, in giving judgment, that he knew them well of old, and as he had decided to be just he would lay the same fine on both. On the proud wolf he would levy a fine because he had no right to bring a charge and on the sly fox, the same tax, because there could be no doubt that the charge was a true one. Set a thief to catch a thief. Evil thoughts or deeds like chickens come home to roost.

Yours truly,

Dear Sirs:

Once on a time a poor fly sat on the horn of an ox and said very meekly that it had made free to rest on the tip of his horn but that if its weight was too much, for him to say so and it would move off. The ox replied that he thought the fly more nice than wise and to tell the truth, he did not know when it sat down, so he should not miss it when it saw fit to rise up. At this the ox gave his head a toss and put the fly to death with his tongue. The very strong and the very weak are not always safe companions.

Very truly yours,

Dear Sirs:

A man in the East kept a tame ape, which was of great use to him for he could scare the birds from the fruit and peas. One day the man took his sleep at noon and the ape sat by his side to brush the flies from his face. One fly came and stood on the tip of his nose, so the ape with a grin sent it off. Then it flew to his chin and this put the ape in such a rage that he flung a stone, which smote the fly but sad to tell, the force with which the stone was thrown broke the jaw of his master. A rash friend is worse than a foe. Trust not your welfare to those who lack good judgment.

Very truly yours,

Dear Sirs:

A man, who had a farm in a cold part of the world, was shut up in it by a deep fall of snow and could not get out to buy food, so he ate all his sheep, one by one, and as the frost did not break up he then ate his pigs, then his goats and at last the ox that was kept for the plow. When the dogs on the farm found out this, they believed it was time for them to be off, for since the man thought it no harm to kill his live stock and eat them, how could they hope that he would spare them. When the house next door is on fire, it is high time to look to our own. Love of life guides our conduct.

Very truly yours,

My dear Sir:

A fox, that had been out to poach, was caught in a trap and lay at the point of death. For a long time he sought in vain for aid, but at last he saw a crane and said to her in his sweetest tones, that he might gain strength to go in search of food if she would but bring him some drink to quench his thirst. The crane knew the cunning and deceitful nature of the fox, and told him that she did not think he would go far in search of food, if she were to bring him the drink as he desired, for it was more than probable that the food would come with her. Shun evil companions, for evil communications corrupt good morals.

Yours respectfully,

My dear Sir:

An old man, who saw a child stand for a long time by the side of a stream, asked the boy why he gazed so long on this brook. The child replied that he stayed there to wait till the stream had run off, for then he could pass over with dry feet. The old man said that he might stay out his life and yet not do that, for this brook would run on as long as time, and as he would wend his way through life, he would find this out. If he went with the stream he would get to the sea, but if he did not go with the stream, he would have to wade. The great laws of nature are a blessing though we often imagine them to be in our way.

Yours respectfully,

My dear Sir:

A child, that was at play in a yard, by chance trod on a snake which stung him to death. The nurse in a great rage hit the snake a blow which cut off its tail. The next day she came to its den to coax it out with some salt and meal, that she might kill it. She urged the snake to come forth pretending that they would make it up on both sides, but she could in no way get it to leave its hole. All it would do was to give a hiss, and tell her that as long as she thought of the dead child, and he thought of his loss, they could not be friends. He who does you a wrong is sure not to love you.

Yours respectfully,

Dear Friend:

An oak which stood on the side of a brook was torn up by the roots in a storm and, as the wind took it down the stream, its boughs caught on some reeds which grew on the bank. The oak thought it very strange that such a slight and frail thing as a reed should face the blast, while its proud front, which till now had stood like an Alp, was torn down root and branch. A reed, which caught the sound of these words, said in soft tones, that if it might be free with the oak, it thought that the cause of its misfortunes lay in its pride of heart, because it was stiff and hard and trusted in its own strength, while the reeds would yield and bow to the rough and mighty blast. It is worse to break than to bend. The humble will be exalted, but the proud are cast down.

Sincerely yours,

Dear Friend:

A fox who was a great rascal fell down a deep well. Just then a goat came up, who had a wish to slake his thirst, so he asked the sly fox if the well was a sweet one. The fox replied that it was the best well within his knowledge, and in seducing accents invited the innocent and confiding goat to try it. At this the goat leaped in and the fox, putting his feet on its horns, sprang out and with an insulting smile said that, if the goat had as much brains as it had beard, it

would look before it leaped. Those who trust before they try, will grieve before they die. Act in haste and repent at leisure. The poor goat put its head up and realized that it had been the victim of base deceit.

Sincerely yours,

Dear Friend:

A fly one night stood on the rim of a pot of jam and as he could not turn from so rare a feast, he went down the jar that he might reach the fruit, but found to his cost that he stuck fast like a bird caught with lime. A moth that flew by chid him by saying that it served him right, for how could he think that such legs as his would be safe in a pot of jam. By and by the moth saw a lamp in the same room and flew in the light of it, but at last his sight grew dim, he sprang up to the flame and was burnt to death. The fly now in its turn reproached the moth by saying, that he loved to play with fire, though he had taken it to task for so small a crime as a taste for jam. We tax our friends with faults but see not our own.

Sincerely yours,

Dear Madam:

A young kid, that would stray from the herd, saw a wolf and did her best to get out of his reach, but found that all hope was soon lost. She then made a strong plea to the wolf by saying that she knew that she was to die at his hands and that since her life was to be short, she hoped that it might be a gay one. For this purpose the kid invites the wolf to pipe while she dances. So the wolf pipes and the kid jumps and springs to please him. A pack of hounds, who heard the sound, ran up to see who were there and then the wolf set off as fast as his legs would take him and the kid came home safe. The kid with a hop and a skip expressed the opinion that anyone who sticks to chance, when fools pipe, may dance. The wolf, with a deep sigh, affirmed that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Yours faithfully,

Dear Madam:

A poor man in a storm of wind and rain came to a rich house to beg alms and was sent off with cross words. But he went back and asked if he might be allowed to dry his clothes at their fire, for he was very wet with rain. This, the maid thought, would not cost them much, so they gave their consent. He told them he could make some stone broth if the cook would give him a pan and let him fill it from the pump. This kind of a dish was so new to the cook that she let him make it. The cook gave him some salt, peas, mint and all the scraps of meat she could spare to throw in. Thus the poor man made a fine meal and the cook thought he had done as difficult a thing as if he had made a silk purse out of the ear of a sow and added that those who crave for food will break through stone walls. Stern necessity knows no law.

Yours faithfully,

Dear Madam:

Once on a time some mice were in such great dread of a cat that they did not dare to stir day or night, lest she should kill them. At this rate they thought they should starve, so they all met to talk of the best thing for them to do. While they sat thus in great doubt, a pert young mouse rose and said that he had thought of a good plan, and that was to tie a bell to the neck of the cat, so that it would ring at each step she took, and let them know when she came near. This bright speech brought hope with it and made the mice jump for joy. Then a grave old mouse, who till now had been quite mute, rose up and said that she had heard that you hold a wolf by the ears and that you put salt on the tail of a bird, but what should they do to bell the cat. Safe bind, safe find. It is easier to preach than to practise.

Yours faithfully,

Gentlemen:

Some frogs that were in a deep marsh saw two beasts which fought in a field some way off. One of them called attention to the sight but was much alarmed and wanted to know what they must do. A young frog said that it was unnecessary to take fright at that.

The feuds of two beasts could not hurt them. They were not of the same tribe, far less in the same rank of life, and as to size, the frogs were too small for such large beasts as these to take note of them. The beasts were only fighting to see which should be the head of the herd.

An old frog said that this was all very true, but as one would win the day, one must of course yield, and, as the beast that was sent out of the field would come to the marsh for food, he would crush them to death at each step. It must always be borne in mind that when great folks fall out, small folks will smart for it.

Respectfully yours,

Gentlemen:

A man well known for his wit said he could show a trick which had not yet been seen. He took his stand on the stage, and with his head thrust down gave out a sound like the squeak of a pig. This he did so well that all thought he had brought a young pig in his cloak, but though a search was made, they did not find one. A rough man who had come to look on said that he was quite sure that he could do this just as well as he. So the next night they were both to display their skill.

A great crowd came to see them and the men went on the stage. The first man gave his squeak which brought forth a roar of praise as it had done the first night. The second man then came forward with a real young pig in his cloak but, though he made it squeak by a hard pinch on the ear, all gave the palm to the first man and sent the other off the stage with a loud hiss. A clever imitation may sometimes be preferred to the real thing.

Respectfully yours,

Gentlemen:

An old fox and her young one found their way to a yard where hens were kept and one by one they put them all to death. It was the wish of the young fox to eat them all then and there, but his dame said that although they had had great luck, yet they must not spend all their stock at once, but put some by and come for it when they might need it.

The pert young fox refused to be preached to and said that the fowls would not keep sweet a day and that for this reason he would eat as much as he could, for when the men of the farm saw what they had done, they would of course look out for them. Hence the young fox then ate such a meal that it was as much as he could do to crawl to his hole and in less than an hour he was dead.

The old fox came back to the feast and was caught by the men who had lain in wait to kill her. With her last breath she groaned that each age had its fault, each bean its black, each day its night, each weal its woe. All is not gold that glitters.

Respectfully yours,

Messrs. Forbes and Kay:

Two men had to pass through a thick wood, and one of them said that should they fall in with wild beasts, each should go to the aid of the other. To this they both agreed and off they set. They had not gone far when a bear made a rush out of the wood. The man who had made the good rule for them to act on got up a tree to hide, and his poor friend taxed his wits to the limit to save his life, so he fell flat on the ground, held his breath and lay quite still that the bear might think he was dead.

The huge beast came close up to him and felt him with his snout, but, as he took him for a dead man, did him no harm. When the bear was gone and all was safe, the man came down from the tree and with a smile desired to know what the bear had told him when he put his snout so close up to his ear. His friend told him that the bear advised that he should have a care of that rogue up the tree and for the future to put no trust in him. Prove your friends before you have need of them.

Yours very truly,

Messrs. Yeomans and Thompson:

Once on a time as a blind man went on his way, he came to a bad part of the road and knew not how to get on. By chance a lame man sat on a bank near by, so the blind man said that he had something to suggest to him. He then explained that he had thought

of a good plan which would help them both on their way, the feet of one should be the feet of the other and the eyes of the lame man should be the eyes of the blind man. The lame man said that this was satisfactory to him with all his heart and off they set.

They had not gone far when the latter said that he saw a purse and requested the other to stop. He then told the blind man to go straight on and then turn to his left and he would come to it before him on the road. This the blind man did and at last he took it up. The lame man expressed a wish that it should be given to him, who had been on the back of the blind man. His friend declined and said that but for his feet he should not have come so far so now he would keep it. The lame man argued that but for his sight he would not have known it was there. Live and let live. A clear conscience is its own best reward.

Yours very truly,

Messrs. Blackburn and Northrup:

A hen led her train of chickens through a yard to rake the chaff and to show the grain, when one of them flew on the edge of a well to try her wings and by chance dropped down, to the great grief of the old bird. The next day, when the hen met one of her chicks from an old brood, she warned him that, though he was bold, he must not for his life go near that well, for if he did some great grief would come to him.

Her proud chick was very much surprised at this and asked himself if she thought he was not brave to give him such a charge or did she store some good thing down the well, which she was keeping for her last brood. He decided to go and see for himself. So he stood at the brink of the well, and far down in the dark he saw a spruce young chick, whose plumes rose and whose wings spread as if he had a desire to fight. Down flew the young bird, but to rise no more.

If a fool is bid not to do a thing, he is sure to do it. Honour thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land of the living.

Yours very truly,

Dear Mr. Jones:

One hot day a stag came to quench his thirst at a lake and stood there to scan his form from head to foot, as it was reflected in the clear water. He first admired the strength of his fine pair of horns which branched out with so much grace and beauty from each side of his head. If the rest of his form, he thought, were as strong and graceful as his horns, he would give place to none. Then he dep'ored how slight those poor legs of his were. He decided after mature consideration, that he would as soon have had none at all.

Just then some men and a pack of hounds, that had been on the scent, made to the spot where the stag was standing. Off he went at full speed and those legs, with which he had found but recently so much fault, soon took him out of reach of hounds and men. But the horns, of which he was so proud, by ill luck caught in the boughs of a tree and held him fast till the hounds came to pull him down.

Pride blinds the vision and makes cowards of the best of us.

Yours truly,

Dear Mr. Peppercorn:

One day as a young maid went down the road with a pail of milk on her head, she planned within herself to sell the milk for a certain sum and invest the money in eggs. These eggs she estimated would hatch out a score of chicks and they would be fit to kill just at the time that fowls would bring the best price. Then on May Day she should have a new gown. As to the color, green would suit her best and green it would be. In this dress she would go to the fair. All who were there would pay their attentions to her thus arrayed in beauty and fashion, but with a proud look she would turn from them in silent contempt.

Entranced in this dream of bliss, she gave a toss of her head to suit the thoughts and down came the pail of milk and with it the

chicks, the green gown and all the anticipations of what she would do at the fair.

Count not your chicks before they are hatched. There is many a slip between the cup and the lip.

Yours truly,

Dear Mr. Comstock:

A boy stole a story book from school and brought it home to his aunt with whom he lived, who did not take him to task for what he had done, but gave him some plums for his pains. In course of time the child grew up to be a man, and needless to say, a thief. He stole more and more until at last he was caught in a great theft and was sentenced to be hanged.

A crowd came to look at the sad scene and with them the aunt of the thief, who with sobs and tears tore her hair and beat her breast. The thief saw her and said to those who had charge of him that he desired to say a word to his aunt. When she came up, he put his face to hers as if he would speak and bit off her ear. At this the aunt gave a loud cry and all who stood near were struck with grief at so base a deed. The young man addressed the people and said that it was she who was the cause of his guilt, for if she had but pointed out to him that he had done wrong when he stole the story book from school, he would not have come to this sad end.

The child is father of the man. Spare the rod and spoil the child.

Yours truly,

Dear Sir:

A wolf once fell in a vat of blue dye which is made in the East. A man by chance passed that way and thought he was dead, so he took him out and laid him on a bank and went his way. Then the wolf, glad to be safe, ran off to the woods. One by one all the beasts came to gaze on him and knew not what to make of him. So then the sly wolf said that his fur was of a fine blue. They saw in him a new kind of beast and so he must of course be king of all the rest.

Then all the beasts drew near to bow their heads to him as the lord of the wood. But soon the wolves thought they saw in the king some trace of kin and one of them expressed a wish to find him out and requested that everything be done as he said. At night it was arranged that all the wolves were to set up a loud yell near him and, if he was one of their kind as they thought he was, he would send forth a loud howl too. So all at once the wolves put up their heads and began to howl and they soon heard the new king join in the cry. At this a loud laugh rang through the wood from all the beasts of the plain. What is bred in the bone will not come out of the flesh. It is not dress alone that makes a king.

Yours sincerely,

Dear Sir:

A lynx by chance met a mole at the foot of a mound. The lynx expressed great pity for the mole and pointed out that it must have a dull life shut up in the cold, damp ground, where moving only from mine to mine, it could see no light nor feel the warmth of the sun. If it could but see him as he vaulted by its dark mound, with limbs so free and sight so keen, it would die of grief at its dull life. The lynx expressed a strong desire to improve its condition.

The mole thanked the lynx for his kind offer but said that it did not need his help, nor did it feel so dull as he thought, for it had been bred and born in the ground and all its days had been spent there. It had its dear young ones round it, and more than all, it was safe. The mole said that its eyes were small, that was true, but that had made its ears sharp and, if they served it well now, it heard a sound which seemed to come from where the lynx stood, and this sound told of a foe.

Just then up rode some men from the hunt, who thrust a spear through the heart of the poor lynx and he fell dead, but the mole went back safe to its hole in the bank and said when it got there that home was home for all that. What the eye sees not, the heart craves not.

Yours sincerely,

Dear Sir:

A fox who went to steal some young chicks was caught in a trap, from which he got free but with the loss of his tail. When he came to mix with the world, he saw how high a price he had paid for his freedom, for none of the beasts, who stole a look at him, could hide a laugh, and the fox thought it would have been well for him if his life had gone with the tail.

But to make the best of things, he sent to all the rest of his race to beg of them to meet him on a hill, and there the fox held forth and said that he would have them all cut off their tails. As an inducement to this end, he told them that they knew not the ease with which he could now move. He also told them that the tail was of no use to them. In fact it was in their way, for, if they creep through a hole in the hedge as they fly from the hounds, it stops them in their flight. Besides it was the tail that man strove for in the hunt and then too, in spite of all they could do, it was likely to be caught in a trap.

A sly old fox who heard him said with a grin that it seemed to him that the speaker would not so much care to see them part with their tails if he could but get his own back. We often suggest to others, what is an advantage to ourselves.

Yours sincerely,

SECTION B

INSTRUCTIONS

Set the marginal stops at 10 and 70 on the scale.

Set the tabular stop at 20 for paragraphs.

Use single spacing from here to the end of the book between the lines, with double spacing between the paragraphs. The longer exercises will require more than one sheet of paper.

The titles of the following exercises should be entirely in capitals. Lock down the shift-key for this purpose. Make one perfect copy of each of the following exercises.

THE STAG, THE CROW AND THE WOLF

A wolf saw a plump stag and thought how he might feast on his flesh. At length he drew near, greeted the stag and made friends with him. A crow that flew by called to the stag and desired to know whom he had there. The stag told him that he was a good wolf. The crow cautioned the stag to have a care and to trust him not. Yet the stag took no heed of these words but let the wolf lead him at night to feed in the field that had a crop of ripe wheat in it. Now there was a trap in this field and the poor stag was caught by the feet. The wolf with much glee said within himself that this was well for when the flesh of the stag was cut up, the bones and what was left would be for him.

The crow flew to the spot but could give his friend no aid. The next day the man who had set the snare came with a knife in his hand to kill the stag. The crow advised the stag, if he cared for his life, to lie quite still and seem to be dead but when he gave a loud caw to

start up at once and take to his heels as fast as he could. So the stag did as he was bid, lay down quite still, held his breath and shut his eyes.

When the man came up, he thought the stag was dead and took him from the toils, went a few steps off to fold up the net, when the voice of the crow was heard and the stag ran off at full speed. In the meantime the wolf came up to seek for his feast and was slain by the man.

Bad faith is sure to fall back on the heads of those who make use of it.

THE FOX AND THE CROW

A crow sat on the bough of a tree with a piece of cheese in her beak. A sly old fox saw her and praised her for her fine appearance, for the brightness of her eyes, the splendid gloss and grace of her wings, and for the general beauty of her whole form. Having delivered this preliminary flattery, he now proceeded to the climax by saying that it would be a most lamentable omission if such a very excellent bird should lack a good voice.

The poor crow saw not the guile of this remark, but being puffed up with pride at the thought of her own loveliness was fain to gratify all possible expectation and thus prove that she was a wonder in the matter of a sweet voice as well as in all the other nice things that had just been uttered. To this end she gave a loud caw and down fell the cheese to the ground.

Then the fox ran off with it, overjoyed at the success of his artful deception. As he went along he admitted to himself that he had spoken loud of her charms, but fair words did not cost much nor did the heart feel all that the false tongue spoke. In conclusion the fox said that he had a great contempt for the reasoning faculties of the crow, because a wise head should make a close mouth. Keep your foot on the soft, soft pedal; do not talk so loud. Silence is often more golden than speech.

THE BAG OF GOLD

Two men set off to walk from Brandon to Winnipeg and said they would each share the same fate, come what might. All went well till they got half way when one of them saw a bag of gold in the path which he took up. Showing the treasure to his mate, he said he was in way of luck for he had found a bag of gold. It was his intention now to buy a horse and ride the rest of the way, leaving his friend to look out for himself. The latter tried to reason with the man with the bag, and reminded him that when they had set out he promised to share the same luck with him, be it good or bad. Therefore the bag of gold ought to be considered ours, not yours. The finder replied with disdain and contempt that his partner might think just as he pleased, but as it was he who found the gold, he would keep it and do with it as he had said and that he would now wish the other good day.

Just then they heard the cry of men who were searching for the thief. The man who held the bag called to his friend in great fright and advised that they both hide in the wood nearby, for if the men should find them with the gold, they would be taken for the thieves and be sent to prison. The other refused to do this and said that since he had been so selfish as to wish to keep the bag when he found it, he might now have it and take the blame as long as there was fear of theft. The word of a just man is as good as his bond. Misery likes company.

THE MULE WITH A LOAD OF SALT

A man drove his mule down to the coast to buy a load of salt, and on the way home the beast by chance fell in the midst of a stream which they had to cross. The cargo to be sure did not take long to melt and to disappear in the rushing waters and as a result the mule lost its load and returned home fresh and bright. The next day the man set off with his mule to the coast for some more salt and put the load on its back once more. As they were going through the stream, the beast of burden remembered its good fortune of the previous day and took care to fall down or rather lie down at the same spot, and thus got rid of its load for a second time.

The owner now saw the trick and made a plan to cure the mule of it. He bought a large load of sponges and put them on the back of the beast and drove it for the third time to the coast. By and by they came to the stream and the mule thought it would play the same old game. Down it went as before but with this difference that this time the load did not disappear and grow lighter but to its great astonishment the load became very much heavier for the sponges were wet through and thus made the burden ten times as heavy.

If a man cheats me once, shame on him, but if he cheats me twice, shame on me.

THE PEASANT AND THE STAG

A stag that had left the hounds a long way off, came up to a peasant who was at work on a farm and asked if he could show him some safe place in which to hide. The peasant told him to hide in his own hut, which was close by. The stag, glad to be hid, lay quite still in the hut and in a short time up came the squire with his train of dogs. The squire caught sight of the peasant and drew back to ask him if he had seen a stag pass that way. The peasant replied in a loud tone that he had not. At the same time, as he desired to keep on good terms with this man of influence and wealth, he pointed with a sly and treacherous look to the place where the innocent and helpless stag lay hid, but as luck would have it, the squire took no heed of the sign nor did he so much as notice it. On he went to join the rest but though they rode through the field where the hut was, they did not see the shrinking form.

As soon as they were well out of sight and sound, the stag crept softly from the hut. He said not a word to the deceitful peasant, who on seeing him yelled out that he was a base wretch, lacking entirely in the common instinct of gratitude. The peasant further complained that the stag owed his life to him, yet when he was about to leave his hut where he had found a safe retreat and was screened from his foes, he had not a word to say in return for such great service. The stag, in his turn, replied with dignity and firmness that it would afford

him much pleasure to fill the ears of the peasant as full of praise and thanks as his heart was of joy, if his deeds had been true to his words, if in truth he had not, through the door of the hut, seen his hand play false to his tongue. Actions speak louder than words. Our actions often speak so loud that others cannot hear what we have to say.

THE DOVES AND THE MOUSE

A man who sold doves in the East threw down some grains of rice in a wood and flung a net on the top of them in such a way that it could not be seen in the grass and then hid close by to watch. Soon the king of the wild doves, Smooth Neck by name, flew up to the spot with his train and was anxious to know whence all these grains of rice came. He instructed his followers to be careful and to eat them not yet. But the doves drawn by greed, set to work to pick them up and were all soon caught in the net. Smooth Neck said with much vexation, that it was as he had thought, the work of a foe, that the doves would not wait as he had commanded them to do and that this had come of their folly.

The king then went on to explain a plan he had in mind. He pointed out that small things may work out great ends and that huge beasts may be bound with straws made firm in a thick rope. He advised them all to put forth their strength, take up the net and fly off. This they did and the man who had set the snare was much struck to see his net borne off in the air by the birds. One of the doves thought this was well but asked what they were now to do with these toils on their feet. Smooth Neck in his turn replied that they were in an ill plight but Gold Fur, the wise king of the mice, might help them. So he went in search of the hole of Gold Fur, which had scores of small doors that led to it deep down in the ground. The good mouse came out to meet them and when he had heard their tale, he said that as long as his teeth did not break he would gnaw the nets for them until they were all set free. Then with great joy the king of the doves bent low his smooth neck to him and thanked him saying how much they owed to him, and that he must think of them as his slaves for life, for a friend in need is a friend indeed. Never despair but if you do despair, toil on.

THE CAT, THE MOUSE AND THE ROOSTER

A young mouse which had not seen much of the world, came home one day and told its mother that it had just had a terrible fright. It had seen a thing with such a fierce look, a creature that struts now here, now there on two legs. This frightful object wore on its head a small red flag and another around its throat. His arms flap up and down on his sides like sails as if he intended to rise in the air. The timid young mouse was particular to mention that he stretched out his long neck and roared at it with his sharp, hard mouth till it thought he would eat it up then and there. The savage brute made it shake from head to foot with fear and so it was glad to run away as fast as its feet would take it.

But for this, the young mouse would have made friends with as sweet a soul as could possibly be imagined. She had soft fur like its own, which was black and grey in streaks. Her look was so bland and meek that it fell quite in love with her. Then she had a fine long tail which would wave to and fro, first on this side, then on that, and when she fixed her bright eyes on the young mouse, it thought she had an inclination to speak to it and be friends, when that fierce wretch set up his scream, which drove it in such great haste and alarm to a place of safety, quite out of breath.

Then the old mouse, who had been listening to this recital with no slight concern, said that in good truth the young mouse had run for its life but that the fierce thing it spoke of was not its enemy for he was a bird that would not do it the least harm in the world, while that sweet thing of which it seemed so fond, was a cat and cats eat all the mice they can get their paws on, indeed eats live on mice. Outward appearances are sometimes deceiving.

THE MAN, HIS SON AND HIS DONKEY

A man and his son drove their donkey to a fair to sell him. They had not gone far when one of a group of girls, who stood round a well, laughed at them and called them fools for they let their donkey walk at his ease, while they were trudging on foot by his side. The man heard this and as a result set his son on the back of the beast.

They had not gone more than a mile when they came to some old men who sat in grave talk by the wayside. One of them snarled that here was an example to prove just what he had been arguing, namely, that at the present time the young took no care of the old, for behold, that young rogue rides while the old man has to walk by his side. The old man then ordered the lad to get down and let his father rest his weary limbs. The latter at this made his son dismount that he might ride himself.

Thus they went on for some distance, when they met three dames, who had the kind hearts common to most mothers, and each with a child on her arm. One of them shouted to the man on the donkey and called him an old sloth and said it was a shame for him to sit at his ease while the poor slight lad could scarce keep pace by his side. The man then took his son on the back of the donkey behind him and so they rode till they got near the town.

A young man, whom they met on the way soon after, inquired if that donkey was their own. On being told that it was, the young man added that one would not have thought so by the way they had loaded it. It seemed to him more fit that they two should take the animal to the fair, rather than that it should take them. The father replied that this was satisfactory to him and agreed to try that plan. So they got off and made fast the legs of the donkey to a pole, which each took hold of at one end and so went on their way till they came to a bridge. This rare sight so amused a crowd of boys and girls that they ran to laugh at the farce, till the beast, which took fright at their noise, gave a kick, broke the cords that bound it, and fell into the stream and was drowned. The old man then made the best of his way home a wiser and a sadder man, who ever after held that if you attempt to please everyone you will please no one.

THE JUDGE AND THE POOR MAN

A man who kept a small farm came to the house of a judge. The judge desired to know his errand. The poor man very respectfully informed the judge that he had a sad tale to tell. The man of the law explained that it was the old tale, his folk, with their small farms, fell out and then they came to plague him. The other replied that it was not so, for this time it was a matter between themselves. The poor man then went on to explain that he had an ox that broke out of its bounds and that it had got into the best field of corn belonging to His Honour and had spoiled half of it. He now asked advice as to what he should do in this case.

The judge was much pleased with the courage of the man and said he would send his man, John, to look at the waste and what the latter said it came to, that the farmer must pay. As to the unruly ox, it must be killed and that at once.

Then the poor man showed that he had outwitted the man of profound education and of much meditation, and after pretending that he had been absent minded a moment ago, he informed the judge that he had but two small cows in the world and that it was the ox of his Lordship which had committed the depredations, that since it was incapable of being restrained by locks and bars, it had broken through the fence of the corn field of the farmer and that it had made fine work of it. In conclusion the poor man made the most of what the judge had said, and turning to take his leave, said that he would trust to the estimate which his man, John, would make of the loss and to the compensation which would naturally follow.

The judge now lost his patience and said with some display of temper and much lack of justice, that the farmer must not play him so mean a trick as this. He would not part with that red ox for all the world, and as to the field of corn, the victim must take his chances.

The law will catch small flies, but wasps will break through. We weigh not in the same scale the ills we do and the ills we feel. Might is not right when the pen is mightier than the sword.

THE FASCINATION OF LIGHT

Bright lights at night have a strange fascination for birds, beasts and insects. Whether it is from curiosity or an instinct which impels them to seek food or warmth that draws them like a magnet to the light is not known but perhaps both forces play a part in this strange circumstance.

Wild geese while migrating often go to the light of a lighthouse and are killed by striking violently against the material of which these buildings are made. They are also attracted by city lights and come so low in their flight that they strike telephone and telegraph wires and are either killed or seriously injured.

Partridges, the most timid of birds, are also attracted by street lights from their quiet woods and are wounded or killed by wires or, having reached the light, become bewildered. They have been found next day in friendly communion with the fowl of a poultry yard.

Animals even more frequently seek the light that in most cases results in their death. A few months ago, a common red deer was attracted by the street lights one night in the early spring to Portage Avenue, the main business street of Winnipeg. In the morning it ran up the street in great fright not knowing where to go to find its accustomed solitude. People who happened to be near by gave chase and, to escape his pursuers, the deer jumped through a plate glass window near the post-office and fell, badly wounded by the broken glass, in the midst of several clerks in a real estate office. These men seized the struggling animal and held it down until it was securely bound. It was found necessary to kill the animal whose love of freedom had aroused unbounded admiration.

About two years ago, a very large black bear was attracted to the streets of Fort William from its native haunts nearby. The school children next morning found it in a most contented frame of mind in possession of their playground. It made no attempt to attack anyone nor to go away until the children gave the alarm and men came with fire arms. After the first shot, which was wide of its mark, Bruin

went as fast as he could from street to street to escape his persecutors. After many shots from many and various kinds of guns and after a running fire of nearly two miles, the unfortunate beast lay dead in the very heart of that busy city.

Engineers on the C.P.R. trains running from Fort William to Winnipeg often encounter moose. In the daytime they run away from the tracks, which are not fenced in, but at night they are almost invariably drawn to the strong headlight and as a result are killed. In many cases these large animals were not in danger when first seen but as the train approached they came to the centre of the rails and faced the engine. Their attitude and general appearance is never that of attack but of timid curiosity so far as it is possible to understand animal nature.

Even such domestic animals as the horse and the cow show this fascination for the light, though in a less marked degree, due to the fact that it is more or less familiar to them.

Wolves are attracted by a campfire but their suspicious nature compels them to remain at a considerable distance from it. This fact has been utilized often by man when his position would otherwise have been one of great danger.

Fish and frogs are placed under what may be described as an hypnotic spell when subjected to the strong glare of a torchlight at night and can then be easily captured.

Very many insects seek the lights of our homes or streets and often suffer death. We know that some of these insects, the moth for example, seek flowers at night for the honey which is their food. They are attracted to the flowers sometimes by their fragrance and sometimes by their color. The white and pale yellow flowers are most frequently visited because most readily seen. It might be assumed then that at least some insects seek a yellow or whitish light at night under the delusion that it is a food repository.

While the instinct for food or warmth may explain to some extent the strong attractive force of light on insects, it must be admitted that it does not completely satisfy us in the case of animals. The

real truth seems to be that all animate nature is a product of heredity and environment, that this through centuries gives particular dispositions or tendencies and that any circumstance, such as a strong light at night nearby, which is greatly out of accord with previous experience, results in bewilderment. It is an entirely new condition which nothing in heredity or previous environment can explain. The attitude of all animate nature under such circumstances is to halt and make a beginning in another direction. This new experience if repeated continuously for a long time will become a part of heredity and environment and will no longer confuse, that is in case death does not always overtake the victim. Plants also attempt to adjust themselves in various ways to a change of environment and sometimes succeed.

Man is no exception to this principle. Farmer John went to the city for the first time and saw a trolley car. His astonishment and confusion was quite as great as that of the moose before the headlight and his danger no less real.

SNOW

Snow is frozen rain. When the temperature is at or near the freezing point, the moisture of the atmosphere is congealed into crystals, commonly known as snowflakes but not generally known to be the most beautiful of divine creations. Each snowflake is perfect in its symmetry and has numerous points or sides, each identical with the others. These crystal forms though similar appear in uncounted varieties, each rivalling the others in beauty. This marvellous geometry of the Grand Geometrician of the Universe may be best examined when there is a snowstorm during a perfect calm, by allowing the crystals to fall on a piece of black cloth. Their delicate lines and angles may then be clearly seen by the naked eye. In the sunshine they sparkle like diamonds and remind us that our Father is rich far beyond calculation.

Though God has been almost prodigal in His display of beauty on earth and in the heavens, yet in every case this beauty, prompted by great Love, is combined with use. The chief purpose of snow is to

form a mantle of protection for the earth during the very cold days of winter. The great Lord of life loves His birds, plants, insects and animals and cares for them during their long winter sleep that they may live again when roused by the warm sun and showers of spring. Without the snow, frost would penetrate several feet into the earth and as a result much plant and animal life would be destroyed each winter until at last a large portion of the earth would become a barren waste. The partridge on a very cold night plunges from its usual perch in a tree into a snow bank and there finds comfort and concealment until the warm rays of the sun coax it forth next day. Even man sleeps in houses made of snow. In the far north where there is no vegetation but moss, the Eskimo lives on fish and the flesh of animals, wears furs for clothing and finds ample protection from the frost and wind in a crystal palace of small dimensions made by his own hands of ice and snow. In the more settled portions of the world where snow falls, man finds the snow a great convenience for teaming. Lumber is required for our homes and logs are more easily taken from the primeval forest in winter than in summer.

The youth of the temperate zones hail with delight the reign of King Frost. Winter sports give them strength of mind and body, great enjoyment of life and prepares them to become the foremost among all people and the rulers of the world. The greatest nations dwell in the North Temperate zone.

As fire and water are good servants but bad masters, so it is with snow. Fire is a servant when it cooks our dinner but a tyrant when it burns our home. Water will cool a parched tongue but it will also drown without mercy. Snow is marvellous in beauty and abundant in kindly uses, but it may spread terror, destruction and death in its pathway. Snow accumulates on the tops of high mountains and by its own weight and the low temperature of such high altitudes forms into huge masses of ice. These from time to time break away as snow from a roof and rush with tremendous force down the mountain side, grinding everything to powder that opposes its progress. Villages, lumber camps and mining camps have thus been swept away without a moment's warning or the least chance of escape. If the

mountain is near an ocean, the falling mass will become an iceberg which will drift from the poles to the equator and gradually melt. A collision with one of these is much dreaded by sailors. Many a noble vessel with all on board has gone to the bottom of the sea in this way. If however the mass of snow and ice slides down a mountain which is inland, it melts in the valleys and forms lakes or rivers, the most notable being Lake Geneva in Switzerland and the River Rhone. A snow slide is a smaller mass than a glacier but often does much damage, especially to such railways as the C. P. R. where it crosses the Rocky Mountains. Thus we learn that there is nothing more gentle and innocent than a snowflake but nothing more terrible and destructive than an iceberg or glacier.

That the snow is white is no more an accident than that the rays of the sun are warm. Wonderfully important results follow from both. It is a well-known law of nature that light colors reflect the light and heat of the sun, while dark colors absorb them. The snow being light in color turns the light and heat waves from the sun back into the atmosphere about us and thus makes the air warmer than it would otherwise be in winter but at the same time leaving the snow unchanged. It remains porous and so permits the air to pass through it for the benefit of all life below. On the other hand, if the snow were any other color, it would absorb or receive all the heat from the sun, melt by day and freeze by night until instead of having a mantle of protection, the earth would be covered with a coat of ice which would exclude the air and kill wholesale by suffocation. Plants, insects and animals must have a continuous supply of fresh air or life must be forfeited. Thus we see that the commonest objects at our feet are full of meaning, beauty and wisdom.

Snow is the best symbol of purity and innocence. It is a great object lesson for sinful man, who must often be reminded of his impure heart and of that regeneration which maketh whiter than wool. It is also a type of the chief attributes of our Heavenly Father; Love, Wisdom and Power. Kipling with a deep and appropriate significance has designated Canada as "Our Lady of the Snow."

THE GROUNDHOG

The Groundhog, otherwise known as the Woodchuck, is about one and a half feet long. It is covered with long brown hairs, which are tipped with grey towards the neck. When frightened these hairs stand up making it look like a fur ball.

Its home or tunnel is a wonder for its constructive skill. The Groundhog as a rule builds its home in high dry land composed of sand or gravel. It begins near a stump or pile of stones if possible for concealment and uses these as a lookout tower later on to see if any enemies are in sight before leaving home for food. While eating he often sits up like a squirrel to see if he is safe. He digs his tunnel in a slanting downward direction for several feet and then begins to dig towards the surface again, generally contriving to get his second hole under a bush. All the earth that is taken out is carried through the tunnel to the first hole, thus making a little mound there but leaving the second hole less noticeable. From the main tunnel he makes a living room, which branches off at right angles and is about midway from the two entrances and then his home is completed.

This animal loves peace, quiet, leisure and plenty of food. He will escape if possible from his enemies but if cornered will fight furiously by using his strong teeth. He is a poor runner because his legs are so short and his body so chubby and for this reason he seldom ventures far from home, because he is fully conscious of his deficiencies. If the Groundhog has little ones in her home, she will fight to the death to protect them against an intruder. Otherwise she will disappear through the second hole and leave the home empty.

The Groundhog is fond of sweet grasses and clover. He sometimes eats so much that he can scarcely waddle into his home, where he will sleep for two or three days.

Every year Groundhogs construct new homes. This may be either for sanitary reasons or because the food supply gets scarce.

The teeth of the Groundhog are very strong for cutting roots while digging and his legs are short and very strong for so small an

animal. His toes are partly webbed and all consider he is intended to be a good digger. Sometimes he has to remove stones as large as his body. He can be easily tamed. His whistle is the most amusing thing about him and it indicates plainly by its force and trembling modulations when he is much alarmed. His flesh has a musky flavor but is much relished by some people.

He has a few bad habits. He eats a trifle of the crops but this is not very serious, as he does not waste or trample down what he does not eat as the numerous rabbits do in Australia or the gophers in our West. He makes deep holes in the fields, into which horses and cows sometimes stumble and injure themselves. This is his greatest fault, and as a result his chief enemies are men and their companions, dogs. The chief protection of the Groundhog against his enemies is his color, which closely resembles the meadows which he frequents and the fact that not far away is his tunnel into which he runs at the least alarm.

He goes to sleep in his underground nest in October and awakens in March. During the summer he stores up an abundance of fat in his body like the bear to last him over the winter. His nest is below the frost line, well provided with soft dry grasses and besides he has a thick coat of fur. He sleeps so soundly during the winter that rabbits often go into his hole and find it so comfortable that they sleep on top of him and he never knows the difference. In the summer he lies for hours near his home in the sun.

His fur is too long and coarse to be of much use for clothing, but more than all the color is much against it. It is not known positively how long the Groundhog lives but probably from five to ten years.

A ROMANCE BY MAIL

Collecting postage stamps both used and unused has long been a fascinating hobby for both the old and the young of both sexes. The designs on the various stamps of the world and the art they display teach much of the history, geography, and civilizations of the past and present. Some collectors specialize in one or two countries or

in the British Empire, while others make a general collection of the stamps of the world. The former is the better plan. A careful collector usually makes a large profit when he wishes to sell out.

Tom Bruce was a poor Ontario boy. He was born in Hastings county, the son of a mechanic. Tom was rich in honesty, energy, ambition and ability but in nothing else. At the age of fifteen he began to collect postage stamps of the British Empire. For a few years he asked everyone he knew to save their used stamps for him. Almost every day he added stamps to his collection and at the same time gathered together thousands of duplicates. The pioneers of the district thought his hobby positively silly but his enthusiasm was irresistible. They looked over their old papers at his request and gave him some of the most valuable stamps in the world, notably a twelve penny black of Canada which fifteen years later he sold for five hundred dollars. No person in Hastings county knew the value of these stamps at that time but Tom had a still, small voice within him which said that he would some day do well by his stamps. Thus Tom laid the foundations of a collection which became both famous and romantic.

After five years Tom had nearly a barrel of duplicates and he now conceived the idea of selling, exchanging and buying stamps throughout the British Empire. He advertised to this effect in a few papers such as The Boys' Own and Chums and in another five years Tom was independent. His business by mail became so enormous that he required an office and assistants to attend to it. He enjoyed a good cash income and was adding valuable stamps to his collection by every mail.

Tom received letters from every part of the world. Some from Australia, India and South Africa contained gold coins for Canadian stamps, some from Malta and other islands contained stamps which were offered for sale. Tom made very few blunders in these business transactions and always treated his correspondents fairly. In fact so fair and generous was Tom that often he received valuable presents: from Olney, England, the birthplace of Cowper, a valuable

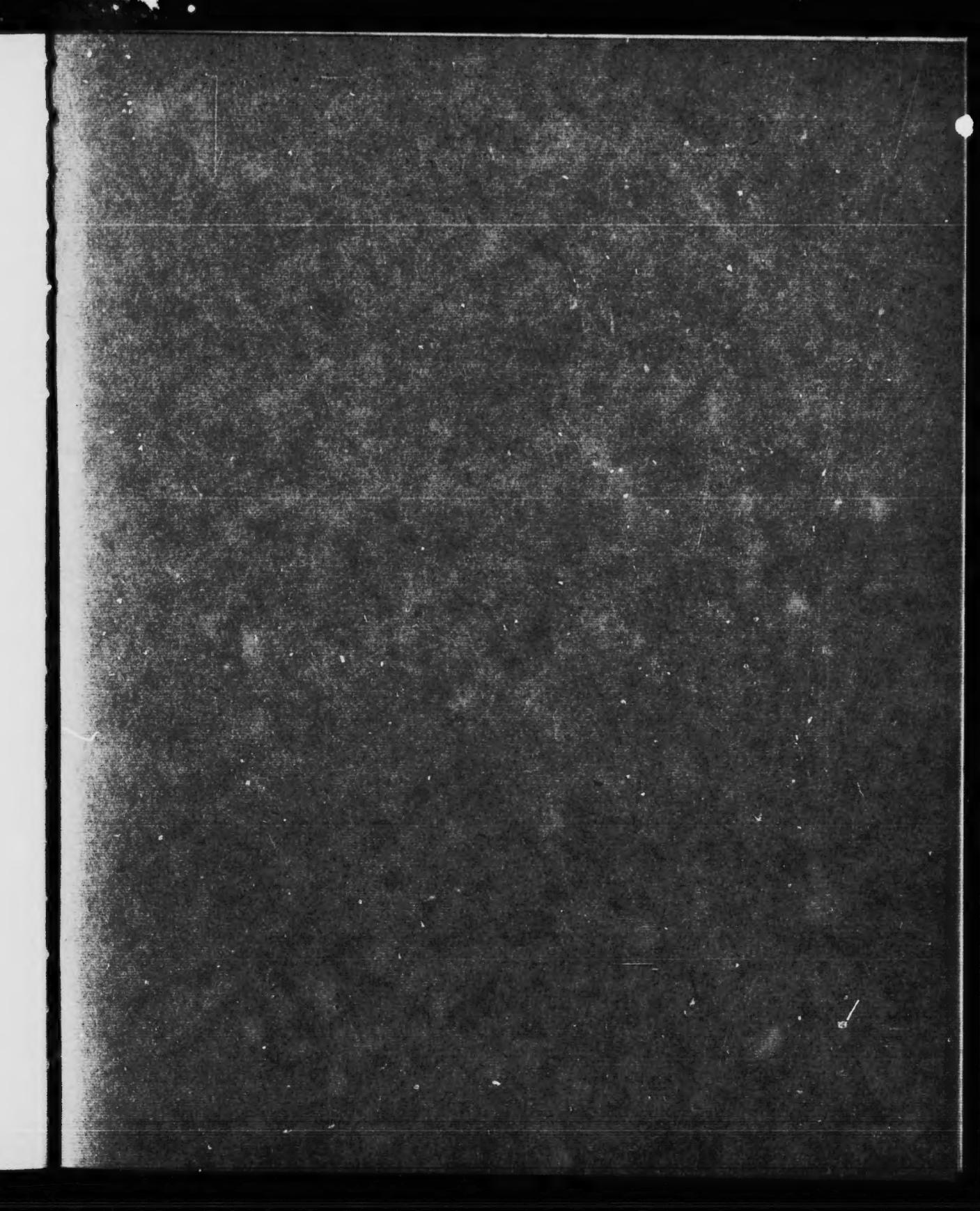
collection of old English coins; from Kingston, Jamaica, a collection of coral and photo views of that island and very many others. Indeed Tom was flooded with the wealth, the relics and the arts of all lands.

A wonderful thing happened when Tom was at the height of his glory and when his friends were proud of his achievements from such humble beginnings. Tom for some years had a wealthy lady correspondent at Kingston, Jamaica. She bought sometimes three hundred dollars' worth by a single letter. As time went on this lady, who always wrote beautiful letters, sent Tom many valuable presents and he was gallant enough never to be outdone. Then came an exchange of photographs, and as a result a most romantic and happy love affair. The lady correspondent, Miss Madeline Condrie, was a beautiful English heiress of twenty, who had large plantations in Jamaica, but still larger interests in the fruit lands and in the mines of British Columbia. By arrangement Tom met Miss Condrie in Vancouver and after a short time they were married. With the exception of business trips to Ontario and Jamaica they have lived in the far West ever since. Although the childhood of each had been very different from that of the other yet the union proved to be an unusually happy one. Both were true, honest and affectionate, and that is the only secret of a happy married life.

After being in the stamp business for exactly fifteen years, Tom sold out to a wealthy man in Winnipeg for ten thousand dollars, so that he might devote his time and talents to the large estates of his wife. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Bruce ever regretted their hobby in stamps.

END OF BOOK

Now return to Part I, Page 42, and work out the exercises on the numerals, etc., and then proceed with Part II, the advanced part of the course.



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